

Historical Library

The Way to Build up Wrangell:  
Patronize Wrangell Merchants

# ALASKA SENTINEL.

Money Spent Here is Used Here;  
Send it East, and it is Gone

VOL. 6. NO. 50.

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1908.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

## Department Store

### Our Trade in the Famous Hill's Coffees

**For which we are Sole Agents, has grown so much during the last year that we take pleasure in further recommending it to our customers who appreciate a high grade article. Hill's Coffee is ground by the steel-cut process, gas-roasted, with the chaff removed, which saves all the juice and expels unfavorable qualities. Immediately after roasting it is packed in vacuum tins from which the air is withdrawn, and on this account will retain its freshness and best aroma indefinitely. As long as the seal remains unbroken this coffee can not become stale. Heat, cold or time can not affect it.**

"Everfresh Brand" retails at 40c. Per Pound  
Java and Mocha, highest grade, 50c. Per Pound

Don't Forget where to buy your "CARNATION"

**F. MATHESON**  
General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

### WITH PENCIL AND SHEARS

Items of Interest Gathered From  
Here and There

Wrangellites are diggin' their taters and stowing them away for winter.

Ken Talmage left on the Cottage City for a few weeks' visit to "Old Yamhill."

Mrs. W. D. Grant and Mrs. Kate Neilson and son returned home on the Cottage City from Seattle.

Fred Lewis, Tommy Case, Eddie Lynch and Cyril Choquette left on the Cottage City for Chemawa.

Jesse Crowell, Jack Ertz and Charley Lynch left Tuesday morning in the Broncho for a sail to Hadley.

The trappers of this section are getting their gear together and otherwise preparing for the winter trapping.

WANTED.—I want to buy some logs for wood. Hemlock preferred, but will take spruce. GEORGE SNYDER.

Keeper Claypool of the Lincoln Rock lighthouse, came up Saturday with Fred Stackpole, and spent a day or two at Wrangell.

Frank Whitmore has been laid up for some time with a kidney affection, but is sufficiently improved to be able to leave again.

Mr. Moen, who bought the saltery at Anita Bay last summer, has a crew at work smoking salmon, and is bringing some of the product to town.

Steamer Northland discharged fifty tons of coal at this port last week, and judging by the increased coolness of the atmosphere, it will soon be needed.

New snow appeared Sunday on the high mountain east of town and on the higher crests of the neighboring islands. Patches of last year's snow still remain on Woronofski Island.

The current number of the Alaska Yukon Magazine is a beauty. It is almost entirely given over to a description of Dawson, together with a history of that place. The Alaska Yukon Magazine is worthy of a place in every home in Alaska.

Miss Ellen Sullivan, daughter of Michael Sullivan who was at one time an employee at the Wrangell sawmill, was drowned recently while boat-riding with companions near Bremerton.

Rev. Corser and Messrs. Parrott and Lyon were up to Aaron's Creek during a part of last week. Mr. Corser took a photograph of a real, live bear, and will make a lantern slide from the negative.

After an absence of several years, during which time he made the voyage around Cape Horn, Eugene Geffey decided that there is no place like Alaska, and returned to Wrangell on the last

Cablesip Burnside came in from the north last Friday, and after getting her mail, left Saturday for an anchorage near Dry Straits, where the cable is to undergo some repairs. The big ship will probably remain here for about two weeks before proceeding to Seattle for the wireless apparatus for Wrangell and Petersburg.

Winter is fast approaching, or, to be exact, is already upon us; the days are getting short and the nights long. Before Spring comes again there will be many long nights with no other diversion than reading, unless something is done to break the usual monotony. If the young men of the town had as much backbone as an oyster, they would get together and organize a brass band. The town has a number of good band men, and there is no reason why Wrangell should not have a fine band.

#### "ALASKA" WHEAT A FAKE

After receiving many requests for seed of a widely advertised variety of wheat called the "Alaska," the Department of Agriculture, through the Bureau of Plant Industry, states that the claims made for the new wheat are extravagant, and the assertion that it will yield 200 bushels to the acre under ordinary soil conditions are ridiculous.

A gentleman from the vicinity of Juilletta, Iowa, has been giving publicity to claims for this wheat, stating that it is an entirely new variety, which he discovered by merest chance.

Dr. Galloway, chief of the Plant Industry Bureau, says that it has been known for many years in this country and in Europe, and that tests made at experiment stations throughout the west have not shown it worthy of special attention. It does, perhaps, yield better than ordinary wheat in the heavy and undrained soils of France, but being a poor wheat for making flour, it is not grown where the ordinary varieties will thrive.

Any person desiring a reduction on the assessment of his or her property, shall make and file with the Board of Equalization a written application thereof, verified by his or her oath, showing the facts upon which it is claimed such reduction should be made.

Dated at Wrangell, Alaska, this 22nd day of September, 1908.  
J. E. WORDEN,  
Town Clerk.

### LOST WITH 110 ABOARD

Cannery Ship May Be Grave For  
110 Souls

Tugs Helpless in Gale

Fought Vainly Two Hours, Then Cut  
Hawsers in Eight Fathoms

"The cannery ship is a wreck on Coronation Island, with a hundred and thirty-six people aboard!"

This was the startling news that flew through Wrangell Monday, throwing the town into a fury of excitement. The word was brought to town by the Hattie Gage, one of the tugs which were towing the ship to sea at the time of the disaster. Capt. Farrer of the Hattie Gage tells, substantially, the following story of the wreck:

"We were going along nicely until about midnight, when the wind increased to a hurricane and the seas were running mountain-high. The Kayak was very light aft, and in the heavy sea her wheel was out of water a great part of the time. We could see that we were making much leeway, but in the driving rain it was impossible to take bearings. At two o'clock the high bluffs of Coronation Island loomed up on our starboard quarter, and we tacked to port, thinking to safely pass the island and reach the open sea. But with the Kayak almost helpless, the Gage could not hold the heavy ship against the gale. The ship backed into a little bight in the shore line just east of Helm Point, drawing the two tugs with her. At four o'clock our soundings showed only eight fathoms of water, and by the phosphorus we could tell that there were rocks all around us, and we could see the shores of the bight rising on either side abreast our pilot house. Then, seeing that all hope of saving the ship was gone, we cut the tow line and fought our way out to open water. In the darkness we could not see the ship strike, but Capt. Wagner burned one blue light shortly after we cut the line. The tugs were of no value in the high wind, so we steamed into Shipley Bay to wait until the storm abated. The only hope for those aboard the ship is if she grounded in shallow water or that there should be a small beach at the head of the bight into which she backed, where the crew could land in the lee made by the big ship."

Supt. Babler informed a reporter that there were 130 people aboard, of which 32 were whites and the balance Chinese and Japanese cannery employees. The vessel also carried the entire season's pack of 40,000 cases of salmon.

As soon as possible after the news was received, the cableship Burnside left for the scene of the disaster, to try and rescue survivors, if any can be found.

The whites aboard were:

Capt. Nicholas Wagner, master.

Anderson, Z. F.

    Theo.

Bore, Carl.

Burns, Chas.

Cerstensen, Martin.

Fredrickson, H.

Griffin, Joseph.

Healy, Frank.

Hawkins, Norman.

Hansen, Andrew.

    Olaf.

Henderson, Geo.

Johnson, Ben.

    Gus.

    Geo.

Johansen, Victor.

Kaup, Lars.

Lewald, H.

Loftus, Patrick.

Matson, F.

Morlock, H.

Nelson, S.

Olsen, Alf.

    Andrew.

Perschke, Wm.

Person, E. G.

Peterson, John.

    Olaf.

    Peter.

Swanson, Elinor.

Wilson, Tom.

Two, names unknown.

Those preceded by a — are known to have been drowned, and nine of them washed ashore and were buried by the survivors who were rescued Tuesday by the Hattie Gage and Kayak.

### CITY STORE

DONALD SINCLAIR, Proprietor

has just received a new shipment of  
Men's Fall and Winter Clothing

in all latest styles, at prices to suit all

WE ARE SOLE WRANGELL AGENTS FOR

### WORK BROS. COMPANY

The largest made-to-order tailoring house in the world.

Come and have your measure taken by a practical tailor.

Best of style and fit guaranteed and the prices are right

### Don't You Know

that it is our earnest endeavor to place before the public

#### The Best Quality

OF GOOD THINGS TO EAT

BEST THINGS TO WEAR

SAFEST AMMUNITION TO SHOOT

TRY US

St. Michael Trading Co.

#### TOLD BY SURVIVORS

Frank Muir, one of the survivors who came to town in the Hattie Gage, describes the catastrophe in about the following language:

"We lowered boats as soon as the vessel struck, and managed to rig a breeches buoy from the ship to a tree ashore. But in the heavy sea the swaying of the ship made it impossible to use it, as the lines were first loose and then tight. Swimmers had but little chance in the water, as the waves looked like solid walls of salmon cases and gasoline tanks. Probably as many were crushed by wreckage as were drowned. We managed, however, to pull a number from beneath wreckage which pinned them down and some of the poor fellows were so crazed by the excitement that they attempted to scale the almost perpendicular wall of rock which surrounded us. We found axes, and made kindling from dry boxes, which we saturated with kerosene and lighted a fire with some matches which one fellow found in an empty tobacco box. A number of those who reached shore had stripped their clothes before leaving the ship, and had it not been for the fire, some, and probably all, would have perished from exposure to the cold and rain. The naked men were soon able to get clothes from the corsets washed ashore, and by the huge log fire we were able to keep quite dry and comfortable. We had food a-plenty, as the little beach was piled high with cases of salmon and other provisions that drifted ashore."

Alf Olson told about the same story, and related an incident that would touch a heart of stone. He said:

"Norman Hawkins and I left the ship together, but could not swim except with extreme difficulty on account of the debris in the water. Norman became exhausted and I tried to help him, and succeeded in holding his head above water for about ten minutes. When Norman saw that I was almost exhausted, he said 'Good bye' and sank from view."

Captain Wagner was almost dead when he was picked up by those who went ashore in the small boat. He lays the whole loss of life to the cowardice of the tug captains, his account being:

"I dropped my anchors at 4 o'clock. At that time the sea was comparatively smooth. I burned four blue rockets to show the tugs that we expected help. I cheered the men up by the thought that if our anchors held till daylight the tugs would come to our assistance. When daylight came no tug was in sight, and the wind was increasing. The ship struck at about 9:45, and I called for

#### DORY FOR SALE

An 18-foot dory, together with oars, gurdy, reel, etc., all in perfect condition, for sale at a bargain. Just the outfit for a halibut fisherman. For price, inquire at this office.

Governor Hoggatt came down by the Humboldt for a duck shoot on Stikine River flats.

Part of the crew of the Alaska Troika Mining Co. came to town Sunday evening and caught the Cottage City for Seattle.

**THE WILLIAMSON HAFFNER CO**  
OUR CUTS TALK  
X ENGRAVERS-PRINTERS DENVER

### The Shurick Drug Co.

S. C. SHURICK, M. D., Proprietor

Purest of Drugs and Chemicals

Toilet Articles, Rubber Goods, Stationery, Postals and Imperial Candies. Exclusive Wrangell Agent for the Famous Palmer's Perfumes and Toilet Preparations

Orders by Mail Receive Prompt  
and Careful Attention

Courteous Treatment and Correct  
Prices Always Assured

Come in and Inspect our Line of Perfumeries and Toilet Articles  
WRANGELL DRUG COMPANY

## Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGEL ALASKA.

Some farmers are smaller potatoes than they raise.

When money begins to talk people sit up and take notice.

With the numerous courts in session these are trying times.

The multiplication-table doesn't satisfy a small boy's hunger.

Jealousy is the trading stamp given with each case of true love.

Mankind is divided into happy people, unhappy people, and the Gould family.

To choose friends for their appearance is no worse than to judge books by the cover.

By writing the story of his life and suffering himself, Mr. Rockefeller cleverly forestalls Murat Halstead.

Dr. Koch's cure for the "sleeping sickness" is good medicine to "try on" the boy whose job is the early chores.

These "mysterious" murders which are startling Paris would be easy to understand if they were not done in Vreich.

The Japanese government denies that it is in sore need of money. This may make it easier for Japanese tax-dodgers to sleep well.

"The nation," says John G. Woolley, "is awake." Yes. It is even sitting up and noticing things, as old man Castro has found out.

Houston, Texas, has a woman who declares that she wouldn't marry the best man living. Perhaps he ought to be congratulated.

King Alfonso may as well give up the hope that he and Queen Victoria will ever be permitted to move into a fashionable flat.

According to Mark Twain, "a mine is a hole in the ground owned by a bar." Mark also has evidence that other business enterprises are owned by the same party.

Human nature is a funny thing, and after Anna Gould has had her second bitter lesson with fake "noblemen," there will be plenty of her country people sorry for her.

It is mortifying to learn that Aunt Carrie Nation was fined \$25 and costs a day or two ago for scolding. Things have come to a pretty pass if Aunt Carrie can't express herself in her customary voice and manner without being punished for it.

Many of the colleges and universities are in no-license towns. Leland Stanford is the largest non-sectarian institution to enforce prohibition within the university domain. Intoxicants are forbidden in boarding houses and fraternity buildings. Similar restriction has long obtained at several colleges which are under the control of influence of the churches.

The feeling of China for this country is unusually friendly, and it is for statesmen to maintain and promote the sentiment. How far the ancient East can ever be an extension of the course of empire that for ages has taken its way westward is a problem that time alone can settle. But America and Asia can be friends and commercially intimate without trenching too far on race and social traditions, habits, tastes and tendencies.

The statue of Gen. Francis E. Spinner, made under the direction of an association of women employees of the government, is to be erected opposite the Spinner home in Herkimer, New York. General Spinner was treasurer of the United States from 1861 to 1875, and when the clerks of the Treasury Department resigned, during the Civil War, to enlist in the army, he recommended that their places be filled by women. He carried his point against considerable opposition, and thus opened the door to self-support for many women. He was notable also as the inventor of a peculiar signature which appeared on all the national paper currency, and was the butt of the newspaper humorists for years. But he will be remembered longest as the man who called on the women to take the places left vacant by the men who went to the front to fight.

Baron von Sternburg, German ambassador to the United States, in an address at the University of Illinois, once showed that all the great leaders of nations, such as Frederick the Great and Kang-Hi, the greatest Chinese emperor, have taught the same principles of citizenship. He drew an interesting parallel between the teachings of Kang-Hi in the "Holy Edict" and the public utterances of President Roosevelt. It is a truth familiar to all students of comparative literature that under similar conditions men of moral purpose have much the same ideas. Devout scholars have always delighted in the fact that the noblest sentiments of Greek philosophy are not unlike those of the Bible. That a modern man should preach what was preached by the ancients only bears out Lowell's

epigram that the best things obligingly got themselves said several thousand years ago.

There cannot be a near woman in fact, but imagination draws the picture of one for us now and then when a scientist or philosopher undertakes to tell woman what will happen if she keeps doing things said to have been unknown to her grandmother. A woman is always a woman, although she may not choose to hew to the line fixed by ancient custom. All men are men, even though some of them may be called mollycoddles. Women are taking away men's jobs, and it is said by observers that they are going to keep doing so and enlarge their holdings in that line. The president of Bryn Mawr college for women says that women "are steadily taking possession and driving men before them," and, furthermore, they "will be compelled by economic causes beyond their control to stay in them after marriage." Our grandmothers in their red checkered days milked the cows, and no one would dare to hint that a milkmaid was unwomanly because of her skill. They husked corn, too, and when the good man was away fed the stock. American women have always taken up man's work from time to time and put it aside when the need was over. If for economic reasons they are better at typewriting, telephoning, telegraphing and bookkeeping than men, they are none the less true women when they do this work.

Professor Ross gives the most startling picture of the near woman when he dips into the future and sees what industrial occupations will do for women. He says "there will be a reversal to the type of masculine women, squat, flat chested, broad backed, low browed creatures, working in the fields and factories side by side with men." We shall be compelled to admit that such "creatures" would be "near women," according to our modern ideals. On the other hand, President Elliott says, "The higher education ought to fit women for the single occupation of bearing and educating children, and it is the most intellectual occupation in the world." So the true woman has a chance to remain herself in spite of the education which makes her man's dangerous competitor. Perhaps the industrial woman of Professor Ross and of the president of Bryn Mawr will emulate the educated woman in the matter of attention sometimes to the bearing and educating of children. In that case the jewel of womanhood need not depart from women who work, and the talked of "reversion to the type of masculine women" is only a bogey.

A Good Old World.

When the sun comes out,  
An' the clouds go way,  
An' the little children  
Come out to play,  
An' the grass looks green,  
An' the cat sits curled  
On the good post, ain't it  
A good old world?

When the mocking bird  
Sings a lilting tune,  
An' the air is like  
The first of June  
Than midwinter air,  
Ain't your grefs all furled,  
An' honest, ain't it  
A good old world?

When sorrow comes,  
An' your head droops low,  
An' you've come to know  
All a chap can know  
Of grief, an' your hopes  
Are in darkness burled,  
An' a friend comes, ain't it  
A good old world?

It's a good old world—  
It's a good world, yes!  
For the hope an' love  
An' the tenderness  
That comes when a chap  
By rough fate is burled  
In a hopeless heap  
It's a good old world!

For the little babies  
That laugh and run,  
For the cat a-nappin'  
Out in the sun  
On the high gatepost  
In a soft heap curried,  
For the singin' bird,  
It's a good old world!  
—Judd Mortimer Lewis.

He Forestalled Fate.

Josiah Quincy, assistant secretary of state under Cleveland, was famed for the energy he showed in getting jobs for his constituents.

One day a laborer in the employ of the Department of the Interior was drowned while bathing in the Potomac. A congressman who happened to be near when the body was taken from the water, hearing that the dead man worked for the government, rushed off to the Department of the Interior to secure the job for one of his followers.

When he reached the department, however, Hoke Smith, who was Secretary of the Interior, told him that the position had already been filled.

"Filled!" cried the congressman. "Why, the man hasn't been dead half an hour."

"I know that," replied Smith; "but Josiah Quincy heard the man was going in bathing, so he put in an application for the job by telephone." —Saturday Evening Post.

No Share in the Fun.

"What are you crying for, my little boy?"

"Boo-hoo! Pa fell downstairs!"

"Don't take on so. He'll get better soon."

"Sister saw him fall all the way. I never saw nuffin'!" —Answers.

The talk of a good many people sounds as if they had begun in the middle.

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE.

## WOMEN AND COLLEGE EDUCATION.

By President Elliot of Harvard.



PRESIDENT ELLIOT.

monizes organism to environment that each responds perfectly to the other, his pitiful battles for existence will come to an end. Wealth will abound. Trivial toll will supply all the gentle luxuries he needs, and his supermental and spiritual forces will be set at leisure to engage in those noble exercises which are their proper and worthy employment.

## MISSION OF ART TO UPLIFT MAN.

By Jean Delville.

There perhaps never has been a period in the history of man or in the annals of art when nature was more beloved and more appreciatively studied than by the poets and men of science and artists of our own time. And unquestionably this has had a fruitful influence in many ways upon the modern mind and the sensibilities of mankind as a whole. But we are too greatly fascinated by the visible, too easily led away by their immediate and objective side of things, and thus lose sight of their inner meaning, mysterious and divine.

The beautiful, the good and the true are harmonious in nature, and the glory of art consists in making this harmony apparent. Left to themselves, the uncultivated grasp only what strikes their grosser senses; they see nature under its ugliest and most illusory aspect. It is the mission of art to make them feel the indwelling beauty which, like truth, always has existed. Art is so profoundly related to humanity that before knowing what the art of tomorrow will be we must know what will be its science and philosophy.

If art does not aim at spiritualization of thought one well may ask the reason for its existence. The average picture has no inspiration for us. Unimaginative landscape is one of the illegitimate forms of art, but the imaginative landscape which suggests the cosmic beauty with which the artist's soul has communed enters truly into the domain of art and gives us no mere physical impression, but a mental vision of nature.

## THE THEATER AND THE PUBLIC.

By Otis Skinner.

As is the character of the community and the age, so is its theater. It cannot lead; it must follow, for it reflects life and tendencies—"the very age and body of the time." If the public selects the trashy play or exposition on which to lavish its favor, it is because that portion of the public possesses cheap and trashy minds and uncultured tastes.

Find the man who prefers the educated dog, the burlesque Hebrew and the impossible Irishman of vaudeville to a well-sustained, well-acted play, and you have found one who cannot discriminate between the merits of Raphael's "Madonna" and the "Newlyweds" and "Happy Hooligan" of the Sunday supplement.

We cannot blame them, but we can educate them. Begin at the beginning—in the home, in the schoolroom. Give the men and women of the future a start in the right direction—the result will follow.

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We cannot blame them, but we can educate them.

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Give the men and women of the future a start in the right direction—the result will follow.

Thus walking in His footsteps day by day.

Trying to be like Jesus 'mid the earthly strife,

Thou'lt come in God's appointed time and way.

To dwell with Him who gave His precious life.

For others.

—Rev. G. M. Donohoo.

## ELEPHANTS' TUSKS.

### Some of Them Are Nine Feet Long and Weigh 200 Pounds.

Sixty-five thousand elephants were killed in Africa last year and more than a million and a half pounds of ivory were taken from them and shipped off to Europe, writes Frank G. Carpenter. By this fully one-third came from Zanzibar, another third was from Portuguese East and West Africa, and a large part of the balance was from the valley of the Congo.

Cape Colony furnished a hundred

They are fitted into a bony socket and the roots go almost up to the eyes.

A tusk eight feet long may have two feet of its roots imbedded in the skull, and if it is taken away at once the head has to be chopped to pieces to get it out.

In addition to the tusks, the elephant has six great teeth inside its mouth on each side its jaw above and below, and these are almost as firmly imbedded as the tusks themselves.

The tusks are hollow about half way up. The smallest forms a big load for

tique goblets and other treasures valued at \$100,000. But the list of the jeweled plate still exists, and it is known that not a little of these have been found. Still lying hidden there is a famous emerald cup, the goblet fashioned from one great stone.

In the lake, half imbedded in the mud, lie the celebrated villa boats of Tiberius and Caligula, boats which contained hanging gardens, temples of marble, columns of porphyry, roofs of cedar, ornaments innumerable of bronze. The boats are still intact, and Education Minister Rava has appointed a committee of inquiry on which are Boni, the famous archaeologist, and Carrado Ricci. These gentlemen have come to the conclusion that two courses are open to the government, one to lower the lake till the level of the water touches the submerged boats, the other to drain the lake dry.

—Rev. G. M. Donohoo.

## COINS AND FACES ON THEM.

### Features of Rulers Abroad, Here the Emblem of Liberty.

Coins of most of the nations bear upon them the faces of their rulers. In the United States each coin has an emblem of Liberty.

The first coins struck after the formation of the federal union bore the face of George Washington. General Washington disapproved of the custom and it was dropped. It has never been revived.

Portraits of prominent Americans appear upon postage stamps, internal revenue stamps and paper money, but never on coins. And it has been the custom to use no portraits of living men even on the currency and the stamps.

In England as soon as King Edward succeeded Queen Victoria the Queen's face gave way to that of Edward on all the coins and stamps in the British empire. The accession of a new ruler in most monarchies means an instant change in the designs of the coins.

But there is an exception to the rule of no portraits on American coins. The emblem of Liberty on the 1-cent coin is the goddess in an American Indian headdress, but the face shows no characteristics of the North American aborigine.

It is the face of a little girl, Sarah Longacre Keen, upon whose head was placed the feathered ornament of a Sioux Indian. Her father was an engraver and he placed his daughter's head on the coin.

Sarah Longacre Keen died in Philadelphia not long after having served thirty-five years as the secretary of her city's branch of the Methodist Women's Foreign Missionary Society.

## Raking Up the Past.

"Say, Borroughs," said Markley, "how about that \$10 you've owed me since last year?"

"Oh, come, old man," said Borroughs, "why can't you let bygones be bygones?" —Philadelphia Press.

—Prayer.

# RELIGIOUS

By His Saving Grace.

Who can save us from the power of sin? He who wins us from the love of it. "The explosive power of a new affection," it is well stated, "is the only thing that can supplant an old affection, and therefore the only thing that can lessen its hold on us. If you want to be saved from the power of falsehood, you must love truth; if you would be free from the passion of selfishness, you must love God, and through loving Him, come to love others around you; if you would be strong on behalf of all that God loves, you must set your affections on the "things that are above, and not on the things that are on earth." Many think that they can overcome the power and grip of evil on them by a great effort. Never! But if once we are safely held by the fear of God, by the love of Christ, then the old slavery is gone, the chains and shackles fall off of themselves, and we walk forth out of our prison house free, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.

Therefore pray we, "Our Father, which art in heaven, deliver us from evil, emancipate us by Thy all-powerful grace and love from the ache and weariness, the struggle and the stress, of this ever-present enemy of mankind—this clinging misery that weakens our will, and steals our love from Thee. We cannot do it for us, and in us. For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, for ever and ever." Amen!" —Rev. J. G. Greenough.

## For Others.

"For others"—what a glorious thought!

That we, so crowded on this busy earth, Can learn this lesson with such blessings

fraught,

Living the only life of real worth—

For others.

The cares and toils that burden and annoy,

The heart-aches that so keenly pierce to-day,

The sorrows that o'ercloud the path of joy,

Are lightened when, forgetting self, we pray

For others.

The softer mahogany comes from the swampy lands. There are no mahogany forests; the trees are not grouped that way, the individual trees being more or less widely separated. Like other trees, the core is the poorest part, often being worthless.

The island timbers are eight to ten feet in length by twelve inches in diameter, some from Cuba, however, reaching thirty-five feet in length by two feet in diameter. Honduras squared timbers are as long as forty feet by two feet in diameter, and the three-foot and four-foot timbers come from Mexico.

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## Buy Hair at Auction?

At any rate, you seem to be getting rid of it on auction-sale principles: "going, going, go-o-e!" Stop the auction with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It certainly checks falling hair; no mistake about this. It acts as a regular medicine; makes the scalp healthy. Then you must have healthy hair, for it's nature's way.

The best kind of a testimonial—  
"Said for over sixty years."

Made by U. AYER Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Also manufacturers of  
**Ayers** SARSAPARILLA.  
PILLS.  
CHERRY PECTORAL.

## Building Material

Send us a list of your wants by return mail and let us send you our estimate. It costs you nothing.

### Order by mail Save Money

This handsome sash price only \$5.



This handsome lock old copper finish Only 50c.



This one light sash Only 35c

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"The Reliable Dealers"  
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## New Idea Rugs

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Write for circular.

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KING GOLDEN CREAM. Home treatment. The only reliable remedy for female troubles and irregularities. Cures the most obstinate cases in six or eight days. Price \$1 per box. Send for free samples.

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Box 40, Seattle, Wash.

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about our courses in bookkeeping, shorthand, and English. It tells what we do and how our students prepare for money-making positions with the best firms of Seattle.

Full information concerning the courses, rates of room and board, and cost of books will be given. All questions fully answered.

Fall term begins August 31.  
Write today and address

Seattle Commercial School  
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Nearly every bank in the city employs our students.

### MAIL FOR LAKE VESSELS.

#### How It Is Delivered by the Post-office Department.

Thousands of vessels pass Detroit every year; more, in truth, than enter any one of the great ports of New York, London or Liverpool. For these hundreds of boats there is always mail, as well as mail aboard them for delivery ashore, and it is to insure delivery and collection of this important mail matter that the Florence B. makes her continuous and oftentimes perilous trips.

The mail delivered by the marine letter carriers must be taken out to passing vessels, rain or shine, hall or snow, during the entire season of navigation; no matter what the speed of the passing boats, the mail must be delivered to them and received from them without the vessel slackening pace for a moment, and it often happens that the boats are running at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

The postoffice employees on the yacht are thoroughly familiar with all the vast fleets of lake vessels which pass through the Detroit river many times a year, and they know exactly when each boat or fleet is due. Boats do not always achieve schedule time, however, and thus the only way to make sure of a passing freighter is to watch for it. Early and late, every day and all through the night until the ice closes navigation, the entire force is on the watch.

As soon as a vessel appears the Florence B. quickly tows the rowboat containing a marine letter carrier with the mail to be delivered, directly in front of the vessel and then stands off from it.

The immense steam freighter plunges through the water at its highest speed, and its swell causes such commotion that it is necessary for the man in the small boat to exercise the greatest care to prevent the swamping of his little craft.

Just before the big steamer reaches the tossing craft, the man in the rowboat, by a dexterous stroke of the oars, sends his tiny shell under the side of the bow. Then, in an instant, a line is thrown from the boat to the deck of the vessel and made fast by the waiting sailor; the huge coil of ninety feet of line is then paid out, and as it comes taut the rowboat fairly leaps into the air; then is towed steadily a distance on the swell until the boatman's task is done.—The Pilgrim.

Troy (N. Y.) women, conducting a "tag day" for charity, had to deduct \$6.40 from the receipts because of counterfeit coin.

According to Viceroy Tuan Fang there are 1,330 opium shops in the Shanghai foreign settlements, and he wishes orders from Pekin to close them.

The mapping of the United States has been in progress since 1870, and so far somewhat more than a third of the country has been surveyed, or about 1,050,000 square miles, exclusive of parts of Alaska.

Senora de Costa, who caused the great peace monument, the "Christ of the Andes," to be erected on the boundary between Argentina and Chile, has finally completed the organization of the South American Universal Peace Association.

Sam Jett, of Winchester, has a thousand-acre goat ranch in Breathitt County. It is mountain land and is inclosed by a wire fence. His specialty is the Angora breed. The fleece of this goat is what is known in trade as mohair and is very reliable. The ranch is proving quite a success.—Bourbon News.

Mlle. Monceaux has received the French Lifeboat Society's highest honor, the Gabrielle le Marin prize. The presentation took place in the great hall of the Sorbonne in Paris at the last annual meeting of the society. Mlle. Monceaux is only sixteen and received the award for her rescue of a little boy from drowning at Bernieres.

A master-at-arms is a petty officer in the navy who forms one of the police of a ship. In the United States navy there are four grades of masters-at-arms—chief master-at-arms and master-at-arms of the first, second and third-class. Large vessels have one chief and several of the lower ratings. In small ships a first or second-class master-at-arms is the chief of the ship's police.

Miss Olivia Salamanca, of Cavite, Philippine Islands, has just won the Agnes B. Robinson-Mesmer prize for anatomy at the Philadelphia Woman's Medical College. The prize is awarded on competitive examination to students in the second year. Another member of the class is Miss Ethel Das, who comes from Ferozepore, a little town in the foothills of the Himalayas, near Lahore. Both will return to their native countries to practice medicine.

The Old Lady (reading a letter from her son in college)—"Lor' sakes alive, Josie, if John bain't gone an' done it! An' he warn't no hand for the gals, either!"

Her Worse Half—Wut's the trouble, Sammerty?

Old Lady—Why, he says he's fallen in love with Belle-er—Belle Lettres.—Brooklyn Life.

The Lobster! Walter (to guest)—Beg pardon, sir, but are you the Welsh rarebit or the sardine on toast?—Illustrated Bits.

Your punishment for taking a man into your confidence is that you give him the right ever afterward to give you advice.

## THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



## Is Pe-ru-na Useful for Catarrh?

Should a list of the ingredients of Pe-ru-na be submitted to any medical expert, of whatever school or nationality, he would be obliged to admit without reserve that the medicinal herbs composing Pe-ru-na are of two kinds. First, standard and well-tried catarrh remedies. Second, well-known and generally acknowledged tonic remedies. That in one or the other of these uses they have stood the test of many years' experience by physicians of different schools. There can be no dispute about this, whatever Pe-ru-na is composed of some of the most efficacious and universally used herbal remedies for catarrhal diseases, and for such conditions of the human system as require a tonic. Each one of the principal ingredients of Pe-ru-na has a reputation of its own in the cure of some phase of catarrh or as a tonic medicine.

The fact is, chronic catarrh is a disease which is very prevalent. Many thousands people know they have chronic catarrh. They have visited doctors over and over again, and been told that their case is one of chronic catarrh. It may be of the nose, throat, lungs, stomach or some other internal organ. There is no doubt as to the nature of the disease. The only trouble is the remedy. This doctor has tried to cure them. That doctor has tried to prescribe for them.

No other household remedy so universally advertised carries upon the label the principal active constituents, showing that Pe-ru-na invites the full inspection of the critics.

## Steel Tank For Sale

3 feet wide, 3 1/2 feet deep, 11 feet long, place for water connections, made of heavy steel, water tight and in best condition. Price \$60 f. o. b. Seattle. Address C. J. Glasier, 115 Third ave. South, Second floor, Seattle, Wash.

"Do you think they ever will find the North Pole?" he asked. "Find it?" she responded. "Goodness! What a question to ask me. I didn't know it was lost."—Philadelphia Ledger.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

She (at the church bazaar)—Won't you take a chance on this cake? He—Not on your life. My wife baked it—Washington Star.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that the new dredging district of the coast has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical profession. Catarrh, a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous membranes of the system, thereby destroying the action of the kidneys, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the product that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Buy by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Dyer—Don't you ever intend to marry, Ryer? Ryer—Not until these waist buttons in the back go out of fashion—Bohemian.

The street at this point is wide, and although the Secretary of War was making a valiant fight, he was getting bogged worse and worse in the mornass. Vorys at last found a board, which he dragged to the curb and thrust into the quagmire.

Then he walked upon it and lent the Secretary a helping hand. It required some work to get the Taft feet loose, and at one time they discussed the advisability of cutting the Secretary's shoelace and leaving the shoes, but eventually the rescue was effected.

The Old Lady (reading a letter from her son in college)—"Lor' sakes alive, Josie, if John bain't gone an' done it! An' he warn't no hand for the gals, either!"

Her Worse Half—Wut's the trouble, Sammerty?

Old Lady—Why, he says he's fallen in love with Belle-er—Belle Lettres.—Brooklyn Life.

The Old, Old Story.

Old Lady (reading a letter from her son in college)—"Lor' sakes alive, Josie, if John bain't gone an' done it! An' he warn't no hand for the gals, either!"

Her Worse Half—Wut's the trouble, Sammerty?

Old Lady—Why, he says he's fallen in love with Belle-er—Belle Lettres.—Brooklyn Life.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

When a man has managed to save a little money, people think he is childish, and don't know how to take care of it.

Every man believes that he carries the heavy end of the log.

## Old Favorites

Get Up and Bar the Door.

It fell about the Martinmass time,  
And a gay time it was then, O!  
When our guedwife had puddins to mak',  
And she boiled them in the pan, O!

The wind blew cauld from north to south,  
And blew into the floor, O!  
Quoth our guedman to our guedwife,  
"Get up and bar the door, O!"

My hand is in my housewifeskep,  
Guedman, as ye may see, O!  
And it should nae be barr'd thon hunner  
years,  
It'll be no barr'd by me, O!"

They made a paction 'twen them two,  
They made it firm and sure, O!  
Whichever should spak the foremost word,  
Should rise and bar the door, O!

Then by there cam' two gentlemen,  
At twelve o'clock at night, O!  
And they could see neither house nor ha',  
Nor coal nor candle light, O!

And, oh, but they were cauld and weet,  
An' it was an auft' nicht, O!  
And when they saw the open door,  
Their hearts lap at the sicht, O!

"Now, whether this is a rich man's house,  
O whether it is a poor, O?"  
But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,  
For barring o' the door, O!

Then first they ate the white puddings,  
And syne they ate the black, O!  
Tho' muckle thought the guedwife to  
hersel',  
Yet ne'er a word she speak, O!

Then the ane unto the other said—  
"Here, man, tak' ye my knife, O!  
Do ye tek aff the auld man's beard,  
An' I'll kiss the guedwife, O!"

"But there's nae water in the house,  
And what will we do then, O?"  
What ails you at the puddin' bree,  
That boilin' into the pan, O?"

O up ther started our guedwife,  
And an angry was he, O!  
"Will ye kiss my wife before my een,  
And scaud me wi' puddin' bree, O?"

Then up and started our guedwife,  
Gied three skips on the floor, O!  
"Guedman, ye've spoken the foremost  
word,  
Get up and bar the door, O!"

STUCK IN THE ASPHALT.

Secretary Taft's Experience on a Newly Paved Street.

Certain anxious engineers of the District of Columbia are seeking to ascertain to whom they shall charge \$269.57 worth of asphalt in which Secretary Taft floundered and from which he was rescued with difficulty.

One evening recently the Secretary and Arthur L. Vorys, of Ohio, his campaign manager, dined at the New Willard with Senator Warner. At 9:30 the department carriage called for the pair, and they started for the War Department. Pat McQuade, driver of Secretaries of War for more than forty years, was on the box.

The fast-trotting bays whirled the carriage around the White House ellipse and into 17th street on the west side of the State, War and Navy building. Then their pace was almost instantly checked and McQuade came near to being flung from his seat. At the same moment a squat man, with a Hibernian accent and an inspiring flow of profanity, rushed out of the darkness, waving his arm.

"Git out av it! Git out av it!" he shrilled. "Don't ye know it's wet asphalt ye drivin' in?"

"Gwan; sure I've got the Secretary of War wid me," retorted McQuade, scornfully.

"Ol' don't care if ye've got the President of the United States; git out av it," insisted the watchman.

"Let's get out of here, Vorys," said Taft, after he had listened for a moment to the argument between the watchman and the coachman. He walked forward a pace and stuck Vorys, profiting by the experience of his chief, perched for a moment on the edge of the carriage, like a bird poised for flight, and then jumped wide. He nearly went down in the sticky stuff, but righted himself quickly and made for the sidewalk. Being much lighter than Taft, he finally made solid footing.

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Her Worse Half—Wut's the trouble, Sammerty?

## ALASKA SENTINEL

THURSDAY, SEPT. 24, 1908.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
GEORGE C. L. SNYDER

Entered November 20, 1902, at the U. S. Postoffice in Wrangell, Alaska, as mail matter of the second class, according to the act of congress, March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES  
One Year, in advance \$2.00  
Six Months, " 1.00  
Three Months, " .75

ADVERTISING RATES  
Professional Cards, per month \$1.00  
Display, per inch 1.00  
Locals, 10 cents per line, first insertion; 6 cents per line, each subsequent insertion.

Cards of thanks, obituaries, etc., sent in for publication will be charged for at the rate of 10 cents per line.

JOB WORK  
This office is equipped for all classes of commercial job printing, and reasonable prices will be furnished upon application.

NOW IS THE TIME  
If Wrangell business men will take opportunity by the forelock, they are now in a position to get the major portion of the west coast trade. Capt. Roy Cole, who is in command of the Uncle Dan, is one of the best-known captains in this part of Alaska. Every man living and doing business in the towns and camps served by the Uncle Dan knows him and thinks well of him. They know that when he is entrusted with a charge, he will attend to it in a business-like manner. They also know that with the approach of winter and rough weather, the Wrangell route is the most dependable by which to get their service.

Cape Chacon is a "bad one" in the winter time, and there are months at a time when small craft dare not venture around it. To carry freight across the portage entails an extra lot of trouble and expense. This leaves the Wrangell route as the only one by which the west coast people are sure of getting supplies on time.

Now, the thing for our merchants to do is, first, forget all jealousy and selfishness, and work together with the idea always predominant that there is strength in union.

Change your ad. every week, and if there is a man on the west coast whom you want for a customer, send him the *SENTINEL* for a year.

Two dollars spent for a subscription will give you a chance of telling your patrons fifty-two times what you have to offer, and the profits resulting therefrom will be a surprise to you.

Every time you have a deal on some commodity, and can offer a bargain, say so in the paper, giving prices, etc. The big mail order houses of Chicago and New York have been getting much of this business, because they keep these people informed as to what they had to offer, and at what price.

Our merchants can capture this trade by using the same ammunition as is used by the big eastern mail order houses. What is this ammunition?

Most of the mail order houses grew from smaller beginnings than any general store in Wrangell, and were you to ask the secret of their enormous growth, the answer would invariably be "ADVERTISE."

CUT IT OUT

There is a growing feeling among the loggers of this section of Alaska against the senseless ruling recently issued by the interior department in regard to cutting timber in this country, and a determined effort will no doubt be made to have the rules abolished.

The ruling was first made to apply to states where timber is scarce and where the cutting away of the timber tends to create arid conditions. In instances of that kind, the ruling is wise and in keeping with careful economy; but to apply the same ruling to Alaska is a piece of the most ridiculous dampishness and rank injustice ever foisted upon any intelligent people. It also demonstrates the fact that dense ignorance exists in

high places in the forestry service regarding Alaska, and conditions existing here.

If loggers should go through the forests of Alaska and cut every tree that is suitable for lumber, they would not take one tree out of every thousand standing on the territory covered. A great majority of the timber is too small for sawlogs, and much of it is of scrubby growth, leaving only a very few trees for lumber.

Now, if any reasonable man can explain how the new ruling is going to be of benefit to the country, we shall be pleased to hear from him.

We hear someone remark that the ruling is made to preserve the timber for the mines that will eventually be developed.

Bush and tommoyot! There is enough timber on Prince of Wales Island alone to timber all the mines of Alaska for a hundred years to come.

It is our opinion, and the opinion of ninety-nine out of every hundred citizens of Southeastern Alaska, that the whole forest reserve system of Southeastern Alaska is absolute nonsense, and is kept alive for no other purpose than to furnish jobs for a lot of pap-suckers whose accomplishments fit them for no higher position, and to provide them with gasoline launches in which to cavort around the country and live in dolce far niente.

ALTAR OR SKOOKUM HOUSE

The reports that have gone to the world during the past year or two, relative to the social and hygienic condition of the Alaskan Indians have aroused the Interior Department to a sense of its duty in the premises. As a consequence of investigations, Mr. Updegraff has been instructed to appoint medical examiners for each of the judicial districts. It will be the duty of these examiners to visit every native home in their respective jurisdictions and make careful and searching observations of the physical condition of every Indian, with a view to stamping out unsanitary conditions and attendant disease which exist in such a marked degree. The examiners will also be vested with power to compel white men who are living in adultery with native women, to marry them according to law, or go to jail. The native custom of living together as man and wife without the lawful ceremony will also be abolished.

The appointment of the examiner for Southeastern Alaska will probably have been made before this has reached the reader, and for the benefit of any reader who may be exposed to process of law, we say: get yourself in readiness for what is to come, for the examiner is apt to appear unannounced. Bear in mind the manner in which Fish Inspector Cobb "landed" the trap fishermen, only a few weeks ago, and govern yourself accordingly.

A word to the wise is sufficient.

Exchange: How Russel Sage made his money, at least the later accumulations, is shown by the fact just brought out that when the executors took hold of the estate after his death they found that no less than \$20,000,000 was due it from loans made to stock exchange houses on call. This was a branch of the money market of which he made a specialty, and for which he carried a huge amount of cash. In times of severe money stress, when call rates would rise to 20, 50 and even 100 per cent, it would be possible for him to reap a fortune in a brief time, and it was noticeable that he would be exceptionally long on cash when such times came on, and he charged all the traffic would bear. Meantime it is to be noticed that the executors of the estate, Dr. John P. Munn and Charles W. Osborn, have helped themselves and been helped to a generous share of the great fortune. They have been two years in settling it and receive \$995,636 for their services, while Mr. Sage left \$25,000 each to his nephews and nieces.

That walk leading from Stikine Avenue up the hill to the jail is fast going out of business. Last Thursday it broke down at one place, and Saturday another section gave away. The walk is 250

or 300 feet long. The money required to replace it—and it will have to be built all new very shortly—would lay the same length of level walk along the shore line. The extra cost of building an abutment foundation would not be so very great, and by spending a few hundred dollars more and extending the walk to Front Street, the people of the west end of town would have a good walk and at the same time have the protection from fire to which they are entitled just as much as are those who sit down in their places of business, near the fire apparatus, and ridicule efforts made toward the level walk.

New professional ethics proclaimed by a committee of the American Bar Association declare no attorney has the right to advise a corporation how to evade the law and condemn fraud and chicanery of every kind employed to defeat the purposes of swift justice. It is admirable to hold aloft such a standard, but it is incompatible with the competitive commercial age and few there be who will attain it. It suggests the camel and the eye of the needle, and is fully as difficult to practice as the philosophy of Christ.

Boost!

CHURCH DIRECTORY

ST. PHILIP'S—EPISCOPAL

Holy Communion, first Sunday in each month, at 10:30 A. M.

Morning Prayer (Other Sundays) interpreted for

Natives, 10:30 A. M.

Junior Christian Endeavor, 11:30 A. M.

Boys' School, 2:00 P. M.

Evening Prayer, 3:30 P. M.

Services in Norwegian about every fourth Sunday at 4:30 P. M.

Evening Prayer and service, 7:00 P. M.

Kneel Drill, Sunday morning, 7:30.

Service at 10:30 A. M.

Sunday School, 1:30 P. M.

Regular service Sunday evening, 7:00.

EMMA MILLER, Corps Commander.

THOS. TAMAREE, Sergeant-Major

ROBT. SMITH, Adjutant.

HARRY P. CORSER, Rector.

SALVATION ARMY

Regular Meetings Tuesday and Friday, 7:30 P. M.

Kneel Drill, Sunday morning, 7:30.

Service at 10:30 A. M.

Sunday School, 1:30 P. M.

Regular service Sunday evening, 7:00.

Stickine Tribe No. 5

Imp. O. R. M.

Meets Tuesday evening of each

week at Red Men's Hall, Wrangell,

Alaska. Sojourning chiefs always welcomed.

J. H. WHEELER, Sachem.

A. V. R. SNYDER, C. R.

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WRANGELL, ALASKA

Keep in stock a fine-line of monuments and slabs manufactured from the best product of the Ham Island Marble Quarry

Stones securely crated for shipping to all points in Alaska.

That Little 5 Horsepower

BRUNO GREIF, PROPRIETOR

FINEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

First Class House in Every Particular

WRANGELL, ALASKA

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POOL, BILLIARD AND CARD TABLES

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